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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

TWO POEMS

AGAINST THE SUN

Darkness utter and absolute of the night
Hides from me the face and eyes
Of one who loved me in the light,

Obscures the violent leap of mind to mind
Into a stranger world—
Passion that seemed to bind,

Hides from me utterly what I have known,
The unquiet soul of one
Who captured joy with inward moan.

A ghost against the sun,
A shiver in the grass,
Dead memories that drift,
And pass, and pass.

COOTHAM LANE

Twilight has encircled
The flowers in the garden,
And the sky is dim and faint.
The flowers are as cold as alabaster,
And luminous like paint
Of an old Venetian master.

Helen Dudley

In the church across the fields
They are asking pardon.

And in twilight
Comes the echo
Of an ancient door that closes,
And the echo of their voices.
For now they go, the villagers—
Along the road they go again,
Under the unrepentant stars,
Across the fields and through the lane.

Helen Dudley

THE ROOF-GARDEN

Since I lost my ancient wealth
These are they that have nourished my life
In this grotesque, grey desert of the town:
The leaping up of flame;
The widening of the sky at the corner of the street;
The soft renewals of steam at the funnel's lip,
Rising, coiling, dissolving;
White flowers of the roofs
That in unfolding vanish.

Mabel Barker Huddleston